

# THE STRANGELY DRAMATIC TRIAL OF JULIA MORRISON, CTRESS.

To the Editor of the Journal,  
In reply to all statements made  
against me, by Mr. Harris and  
his associates, I wish to say, that  
I bear them—my persecutors—no  
malice. I shall leave them to  
their conscience and to their  
God!

Julia Morrison-James



MISS  
JULIA  
MORRISON

## The Most Peculiar Photograph Ever Taken of a Prisoner Accused of Murder.

IN the first days of the twentieth century a woman will be placed on trial for her life at Chattanooga, Tenn. Her plea will be not that she is innocent, but that the man she killed had insulted her.

"Oh, I have been treated like a dog!" This is the burden of her defence.

Less than three months ago this woman plunged a taro comedy from merriment into terrible tragedy.

Telegraph wires from one end of the country to the other repeated the name of Julia Morrison—murderess.

On September 23 the Opera House at Chattanooga held 1,500 people, who had crowded there for the first night of a merry, rollicking farce comedy. They came to it laughing, gayly, chatting lightly. They left shuddering, trembling, agonized by a frightful spectacle, unequalled in the annals of theatrical history.

In a single instant they had seen Frank Leiden, leading actor of the "Mr. Plaster of Paris Company," sent to his death by a beautiful woman, whose entrance, holding a smoking pistol, they had applauded vehemently.

When Julia Morrison, in the role of "Trene," glided out from the side scenes, a vision of shimmering yellow satin, and when the shot from her pistol thundered above the din of music and the buzz of voices, the audience looked approvingly. There was in her attitude a sincerity of purpose, a strength of manner that commanded attention.

They watched intently Frank Leiden as he sank with what seemed to them realistic agony upon one knee.

They greeted with enthusiasm the commanding figure of the woman who approached him with neither tread and arm uplifted. With unerring aim she fired three times.

"Good shot!" shouted some one in the gallery.

And amid a thunder of applause Frank Leiden, disguised as Abimael Blinks, fell prostrate and bleeding.

"Is there a surgeon in the audience?" cried a member of the company from the stage. Then, for the first time, into the minds of that gay public, was borne the consciousness that the farce comedy had been turned into a tragedy.

Beautiful Julia Morrison's stern face took upon it the look of an avenging angel.

She defended herself briefly. "I did it to save myself," she said. "He had a cane in his hand. He intended to strike me. He lifted it. He murmured an insult."

Julia Morrison had taken the law into her own hands.

alone had heard him plead for kisses, and when they were refused only I knew that the insults were inflicted as punishment.

"Oh, I have not yet told my story to the public. They shall hear it at my trial. They will learn that my heart and feelings had been trampled upon; that I had been abused, cursed and reviled simply because I would not descend to the level to which it was sought to drag me. When, after all this, I saw that Mr. Leiden was about to strike me with a cane, at the same time applying the vilest epithets—I—defended myself."

This is the nature of the plea which Julia Morrison, in her cell at the county jail, reiterated day by day.

Chattanooga discusses the murder in its streets and its clubs. It is a topic of absorbing interest to editors and in kitchens. There is no mystery to be solved as in the Molnau trial. There are over a thousand people to testify that the woman, Julia Morrison, shot the man, John Leiden.

But why?

She is young, beautiful, attractive. She is in the beginning of her career, possessing a personality that promises in the future every success. She has a husband, Frederick Henry James, who was traveling with the company. Why did she not appeal to him?

There are women in Chattanooga, and they are by every evidence not in the minority, who uphold the woman's act. "She was goaded to desperation," they say. "An appeal to her husband would have meant a duel, perhaps. Why should she endanger the life of the man she loved for a scoundrel? He was a villain and his insults had driven his assassin mad."

Possibly it is to these women that Julia Morrison owes the luxury of her present existence. The word luxury sounds incongruous when one knows that she is in a cell in the Chattanooga County Jail. But there are cells and cells, even as there are rooms and rooms.

The original furnishings of nine prison cells out of ten consist of a cot, a chair, a washing utensil and possibly a rug. Not so this one.

It is commonly known as hospital cell No. 2. Once upon a time it was dreary and bare and dreadful with its iron barred windows and doors. But when Miss Morrison filled it it became the abode of a heroine.

School girls leave notes for her in the morning as they go to their lessons. These accompany flowers that give the place somewhat the look of a conservatory.

Prominent people have called upon her to express sympathy. They have done more. They have asked permission to send furniture befitting the home of a lady. So, instead of plain wooden chairs there are upholstered armchairs, a convenient writing table, curtains to shut out the unpleasant sun here.

Some have granted permission for all this,

said Sheriff Bush, who is in charge, "because Miss Morrison is so nervous and the popular sympathy is so largely in her favor."

When her women sympathizers believed they had made her comfortable, Miss Morrison timidly made of them one more request. It was one that touched them deeply. She asked for a cross to hang on her wall and a prie dieu to kneel upon. The picture painted here shows her as she spends hours praying God to forgive her enemies and to absolve her for the crime that was forced upon her.

As the time is set now, on January 4 Julia Morrison will go to her trial for the murder of Actor Leiden.

The prosecution complains that she will be brought before the jury more as a heroine than as an assassin, and it is predicted that it will be almost impossible to get an unprejudiced man to serve.

If they could they would keep Julia Morrison out of the court room. They fear the splendor of her eyes, the pathos of her face. They believe that she will exert the same magnetism upon judge and jury that she has upon prison officials and philanthropic women.

Only a few days ago it was petitioned that she might be allowed to go to the theatre occasionally, and it was granted that she should have the companionship of a dog if some one would furnish the pet. Within twenty-four hours after it had been

made known that she would be allowed this privilege one hundred people offered the loan of their animals.

Julia Morrison, awaiting trial for the murder of Frank Leiden, is a queen in Chattanooga.

She is credited with most extraordinary will power, commonly called magnetism. Those who know her say that she is capable of winning over any one, even the prosecution, if she is so determined.

On that memorable evening, which will live in the memory of many of Chattanooga's best citizens forever, when she committed murder, her extraordinary magnetism was made evident.

At first, when it was discovered that she had killed her companion, every one turned from her in loathing. She was execrated, reviled, as she stood looking upon the confused, struggling mass of humanity that seemed to pour down upon the stage from every part of the house. In one hand she held the smoking revolver, indisputable testimony, if any were needed, of her guilt. She was intensely pale, intensely quiet.

Suddenly, when some one spoke to her, she sprang to her feet, her frame shaken with convulsive sobs, a frightened, most womanly little woman.

"Please, please save me!" she cried, appealing to the policemen who had rushed in. "I am so frightened!"

Her sobs penetrated into the heart of the crowd, and women there sobbed with her.

## A School of Matrimony the Latest Idea.

MRS. JESSE W. WILLIAMS advocates the opening of schools for matrimony.

Mrs. Williams is a pretty young matron of six years' standing, whose married life has been as calm as a lake becalmed, as joyous as the morning, and she would have all marriages as successful as hers. Therefore she would found schools for matrimony. Mrs. Williams lives cozily at No. 2155 East One Hundred and Seventeenth street.

"I wish I might open a school for matrimony here and now," she said, "but that is impracticable. I want, however, to interest others in the plan, and I will do everything in my power to further it."

Mrs. Williams would have schools of matrimony conducted after the plan of college settlements. She would have different departments, according to the age and needs of the students.

There should be a school in every crowded district for the city, easily accessible for those who desire to attend. "There should not be a downtown school for up-town students, nor the reverse," said Mrs. Williams. "The political division might be followed, for instance, and one might

be a school for every ward."

Mrs. Williams would have the schools for matrimony include all the branches of household or mental or moral science that go to make up domestic happiness.

In the category of virtues that go to make up a good wife Mrs. Williams includes:

How to cook.  
How to sew.  
How to take care of children.  
How to preserve your health.  
How to get on with your husband's and your own relatives.  
How to keep your servants.  
How to receive pleasantly the unexpected guests your husband brings home "without a word of notice."

How to be kind, though frank.  
How to keep no secrets from your husband and to keep them from every one else in the world.  
How to economize without being niggardly.

How to hold your tongue when your husband is angry.  
These and many more matrimonial arts Mrs. Williams would have taught in the



JAMES  
HER HUSBAND



LEIDEN  
THE MURDERED MAN

They crowded about her at that moment and listened in sympathy to her sad little incoherent story of how she had been insulted, goaded to despair and madness.

A murmur of sympathy arose for the golden-haired woman who confessed in little broken sentences that she had been cursed, abused, beaten.

Never for a moment did Julia Morrison seek to deny her guilt.

She confided in every one like a little child among friends.

She won on that night the crowd that but an instant before had despised her.

It is predicted that if Julia Morrison goes upon the witness stand she will surely be acquitted. It is safe to believe that her attorneys will be wise enough to allow her to tell her own story.

She will tell of her life of suffering and degradation, of how she concealed the insults she was subjected to from her husband because she feared bloodshed.

"For months," she has said in defending herself, "I have carried a pistol because I was afraid to go about unprotected."

This she will tell the jury with her great eyes turned in pleading to them.

She will tell them in tones exquisitely musical, with the enunciation and manner of a well-bred woman, that the dead actor said to her, "If you will kiss me I will let you alone!"

She will describe how a refined woman may be made to suffer, to endure torture, before she will speak.

Julia Morrison will tell how she went to the Opera House on the night of the tragedy with the intention only of conferring with Leiden about his abusive treatment of her and how she took her pistol merely as a protection in case of danger, and finally that when she shot it was to save her own life.

She will swear that on the afternoon of that very day Leiden had abused her and threatened to kill her.

The prosecution is urged to make every effort to have Miss Morrison convicted by George J. Auz, of New Orleans, brother-in-law of the dead actor, and a man of considerable influence there. He is secretary of the Board of Control of the New Canal and Shell Road at New Orleans.

Julia Morrison will be accused of deliberate and premeditated murder.

She will be called vindictive, bad tempered, jealous.

She will hear that she could not act and that her victim was only gentle and kind in bearing with her as long as he did.

She will hear her character reviled and her victim's defended. For all this ordeal she is trying to brace herself up, but she is none the less reported to be in a sadly nervous condition, inclined to be hysterical and intensely imaginative. Frequently she cries out: "Oh, why did I not kill myself instead!" And then she murmurs pitiful little excuses.

"You see," she explains, "it seemed to me a vindictive of myself to shoot him, to show all those who knew how he had insulted me that I was not a coward; that I would bear it no longer, no matter what the consequences."

Again suddenly she will seem to become dazed and cry out as if she were laboring under some wild hallucination: "Oh, help me; help me," she will scream. "There he is! Look, look; he is coming toward me! Oh, what shall I do?"

Miss Morrison's sympathizers have grave fears as to her being able to bear up under the terrible strain in store for her, and therefore they are petitioning that she be given every sort of luxury.

By her terrible act she is to-day regarded as the most interesting person in Chattanooga.